Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July

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Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

The amendment on a military bill that Marjorie proposed in the House of Representatives caused a splintering of the Squad on the issue of Israel's "Iron Dome" missile system. The rogue state claimed these weapons were "defensive" but people doubted this claim. Alexandria voted against it, even putting forward her reasoning for doing so, which was immediately criticized as a betrayal. While she said one thing on social media, there was a deeper reason. It involved a fateful night that Rashida and Marjorie spent together, which few knew about. It caused the Latina to act a certain way and cast her "yes" vote on the House floor that fateful day...

Notes

After finishing my fic "'I'll do anything you desire': Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission" (noted in inspirations section), I decided to write this. It gives a smutty explanation for why MTG (Marjorie Taylor-Greene) changed her mind about Israel this past July.

Like my last RPF fic, this was cathartic and a challenge. This is the first fic with Rashida Tlaib as a character. Three fics on here mention her, but never as a character. The first part is inspired by a Newsweek article. Tlaib called MTG's proposed censure resolution "unhinged... [and] deeply Islamophobic...attack[ing] peaceful Jewish anti-war advocates" while MTG called Tlaib an "unhinged" politician on social media and said a bunch of Islamophobic garbage.

In order to cut down links within this fic, I'd like to note sources which provided info for paragraphs 1-2. I used articles in AP, NBC News here, here, and here, The Hill, Politico, Mediaite, Irish Star, Middle East Eye, Haaretz, Seattle Times, and Al Jaazera.

For paragraph 4, I used links from congress.gov particularly for House Roll Call Vote 207 [vote on MTG resolution to take money from Iron Dome], about MTG's resolution, House Roll Call Vote 209 [MTG resolution about U.S. aid to Ukraine], House Roll Call Vote 208 [MTG resolution about cutting "funding to support the armed forces of Jordan", and House Roll Call Vote 205 [MTG's resolution about striking "funding for the Taiwan Security Cooperation Initiative"].

Info on AOC's misguided vote, noted in paragraph 3, comes from her Instagram post and Bluesky post, Quds News Network and DSA.

Like my other fics, this was cross-posted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by 3 Tips for Newbie Femdoms by Kate Sloan
- Inspired by A guide to having nipple orgasms by Gigi Engle [for Mashable]
- Inspired by Dominance and Submission 101: A Beginner's Guide to Dom sub Relationships by Dom sub
- Inspired by "I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission by lefemmerougensfw

In October 2023, Marjorie proposed a bill to censure Rashida Tlaib, the only Palestinian American congressmember, claiming she was sympathizing with the Palestinian nationalist, and Sunni Islamist, political organization, named Hamas. She absurdly claimed that Rashida was engaged in anti-Jewish activity. People condemned the censure resolution as Islamophobic, racist, and violating free speech. Congress members came up with a more "moderate" resolution instead. All these years later, things had changed. Marjorie was in her fifth year of being a congresswoman. What she said was often roundly condemned, especially when it came to queer people, climate change, COVID-19, and the like.

Some political observers were surprised when she expressed skepticism that Iran had a nuclear weapon and even more so when she opposed the regime's military strikes on Iran. What flabbergasted them, beyond anything else, was the fact that proposed an amendment, on July 18, that would cut funds to Israel's Iron Dome missile system. Not even the progressive lawmaker Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez supported it for reasons which were unclear. She faced backlash for her decision. Marjorie voted along with Tlaib, Ilhan Omar, and three others (Thomas Massie, Al Green, and Summer Lee). She would later, that same month, call Israeli actions in Gaza a *genocide*, while condemning Israeli conduct in Gaza. Sometime after, she would say that there was a humanitarian crisis and even criticize a colleague for openly celebrating the bombing and starvation of Palestinian people.

On social media, AOC would say that she *never* voted to give any funding to Israel and that she had voted against it. She declared that people were deluded if they thought that Marjorie was "an ally to Palestinians and a welcome part of your coalition." She claimed that MTG's amendment was meant to cause chaos. She did not want to ally with her whatsoever. There was a mixed response in comments. Some people, and organizations, criticized her for *still* voting to fund the Iron Dome. Some wondered why she had done so, noting that she strangely called the Iron Dome "defensive" and supported it.

Through this smokescreen, AOC was hiding something, a *hidden truth* she knew. The media was unaware. Only a few people, apart from herself, knew the reality. There was a true reason why Marjorie, a Georgian woman, had changed her political position. AOC had come up with this entire justification to make her vote against an amendment, along with 421 other House members, to "strike funding for the Israeli Cooperative Programs," seem legitimate. That same day, AOC was recorded, by the House clerk, as voting against Marjorie's amendments to cut "assistance to Ukraine," cut military funding for Jordanian armed forces, and cut "funding for the Taiwan Security Cooperation Initiative." She voted for, simply put, more death and destruction in Palestine (with support for short-range ballistic missiles), and presumably the same in Ukraine, a repressive Jordanian kingdom, and military "articles, services, and military education and training" in Taiwan. The latter certain could inflame tensions with China.

She didn't take any of those votes for political reasons. Instead, it came from a place of extreme jealousy and unhappiness. She did *not* like that Marjorie had gone to another woman *instead* of her. All those years ago, in the heady days of September 2022, after the Georgian woman had told her she was divorced from Perry Greene, she let herself be dominated, showing who was in charge: AOC. Since then, everything seemed to be going well,

especially after Marjorie's divorce was finalized. She was shocked to suddenly learn that Marjorie had begun dating *a man*, named Brian Glenn, who directed programming at a right-wing broadcasting network. After that time, the aforementioned Georgian woman had limited her contact with AOC. She had curtailed it even more after it came out that her boyfriend had once dressed in drag. Her view on drag had softened from her previous hardline stance.

While they kept in contact, Marjorie never wanted to do anything with AOC anymore. This annoyed her to no end, despite her best efforts. So, she had given up. Everything changed one Wednesday, the night of July 16, although AOC had no idea then. Marjorie was a popular bar in Washington, D.C., relaxing after a long day. She saw someone she knew, and almost sneered. It was *that woman*: Rashida Tlaib. She hated the fact that this woman was *divorced* from her husband. How could she be so successful as a single mother? Although condemning single people had gotten her labeled a "bitter divorcee," she brushed it off. Even so, she attempted to blunt that criticism by starting to date a man. People would *then* see her as acceptable. And that's what mattered, right?

"Nice to see you, Marjorie," Rashida declared, to her surprise. Was this woman really trying to strike up a conversation with her? She thought she might be. They had begun talking after they had *voted together* on a resolution back in early June. Each one said they could not vote for it, saying that Congress was being inattentive to groups apart from Jewish people, saying those groups were "facing deadly threats." They had gone a long way from when Georgian woman had sneered at Rashida a few years earlier, falsely claiming she was unfit to hold political office. She even said that anyone who voted against her censure resolution was "pathetic," "feckless," or lobbed other insults at them. They had both voted against, *effectively*, a resolution which expressed gratitude to ICE, as hostile Zionist media had to acknowledge. She *still* thought that Rashida was unhinged, anti-Jewish, and hateful, and she wanted her to condemn Hamas. These were ideas which had no basis in reality.

"I guess the *Hamas supporter* wants to make small talk," Marjorie said, trying to get off a zinger. Rashida shook her head. She knew full well that this woman was anti-Muslim, anti-Jewish, and a far-right conspiracy theorist. Those thoughts went back years. She had read that Marjorie had a meltdown over the fact that her censure resolution did not pass. "Yeah, yeah, Marjorie, whatever you say. You know *it isn't true*." The Georgian woman refused to give in. She didn't want to. Motioning for the bartender, she pointed to a logger beer. "Put it on my tab." After he filled it up and slid it toward her, she downed it in one gulp. She was getting tipsy, drunk, and disorderly. She was making even less sense than she *usually* did, which wasn't saying much. She *often* made no sense.

"You say there is a genocide in Gaza...but the ADL, you know, run by that Jewish guy... says it isn't...and they know...you know... it's who they are." Rashida tried her best to talk sense into her. This would be a challenge for sure. "You know the ADL is a pro-Israel group, right? They aren't impartial or anything." Swaying and losing even more of her motor skills, she started angrily pointing at Rashida. She was lashing out. She wouldn't stop. She began to slur. "Yeah yeah, *Rashida*...yuuu... just hate Isreel... and Americccaaaa...u don’t represenntnt anythin...this counntree...stands four...you hic!...radicull...insurruhcionist...terrurst...luuver...hic!" She stopped for a second and slammed her mug down on the bar counter. "Yuuu...are...such a pretee...wooomannn." Rashida laughed heartily.

She couldn't believe this Georgian woman. Some time back they had exchanged barbs. Marjorie released a press release defending her racist, discriminatory resolution. Two days later, Rashida would release a press release of her own, calling the resolution "unhinged...deeply Islamophobic" and attacking Jewish antiwar advocates, who were peaceful, declaring she would not be bullied, silenced, or dehumanized. She called for a ceasefire, delivery of humanitarian aid, release of arbitrary detention, and hostages. "You really are *so unhinged*," Rashida said, as she inched closer to this terrible bigoted woman. Marjorie couldn't really disagree with her. Her face became even redder. Her blond hair was becoming messy. Perhaps this was why *no one* was friends with her in Congress.

As Marjorie was about to fall down, Rashida picked her up. She put cash on the counter, paying for her drink of this Georgian woman, and gave a tip. The bartender was grateful. Rashida wanted to help this pathetic woman, a person full of lies, hate, and bigotry, get sober. Although she usually lived in Detroit's southwest side, in a house located in the same working-class neighborhood she represented, filled with Arab Americans, this time was different. She was staying in a hotel while in Washington, D.C. for legislative business. That's what she usually did.

Calling up a ride-share service, she led Marjorie into the car. For some reason, she agreed to go with her, although everything was bit hazy. She wasn't sure what do with herself. Rashida didn't want to text her friends, not AOC, not Ilhan, or anyone else. Rather, she wanted to deal with this on her own. Soon thereafter, she guided the Georgian woman up to her apartment, opened the door, and placed Marjorie down on a small blue couch. It was a bit weathered and had seen some rough times. Some people would call it a love seat.

She walked over to the sink, filled up a glass of water, and placed it on a nearby table. Marjorie grabbed the glass and gulped it down. "I *still* don't like you, Rashida," the Georgian woman declared. The Michigander chuckled. She knew that she didn't like her. That much was obvious. She had tried to smear her in the past and do the same with Jewish antiwar activists. Rashida had faced a form of "punishment" for criticizing how Israeli treated Palestinians, including calling Israel an apartheid state.

"Fine, fine, *Marjorie*," Rashida said, affixing her glasses on her face. "You need to pay for what you did to me...after all, you called me *pretty*." Marjorie did not know what to say to her. She gritted her teeth. Was this woman trying to make her do something she didn't want to do? She wasn't sure about this. Before she could think of anything else or do anything to get out of this situation, she saw Rashida put her hands around her mouth, to amplify her voice, akin to her self-declared moniker as a "girl with a bullhorn." She had used her voice to rally for progressive causes time and again. She was a proud woman. She was not about to let this Georgian put her down.

"Submit to *me*, you damn Georgian." The woman refused, turning up her nose. She wouldn't give in to this woman, not now, not ever. She wouldn't let that happen. She knew the Quran in and out and knew exactly what was done with sinners. She put her hands together. Allah would guide her in this task. *She* would tell her what to do. Her actions would reflect Islam. She'd make sure of it.

Marjorie had committed one of the major sins in Islam: to lie and give false testimony. Surely, she would surely commit *another* one, but that wasn't the issue now. Obviously, Rashida couldn't inflict divine punishment. However, she *could* inflict worldly punishment. These were either fixed (Hadud) or discretionary (Ta'zir). In her case, it was left to her discretion, and it was not as severe as punishments aiming to maintain justice and social order. Instead, it had *the goal* of correcting her behavior.

Opening a drawer, she pulled out something a friend had given her: a high-quality pink leather collar with a short metal chain attached to it. "Wear this, *now*," she said firmly. The woman, who was only a few years older than her, balked at the suggestion. She wouldn't let this happen. Her mind would soon become clouded after Rashida slipped into disciplinarian mode and slapped her across the chest. She felt pain through her body, but refused to give in. So, the Michigander came closer. She almost whispered in her ear. "You either put this on, or I'll keep slapping you there...I promise you that."

Almost regretting doing so, she decided to agree. The collar was placed around her neck. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. She suddenly found herself being pulled forward. She realized this wasn't a simple game. She started accepting that this woman was *in charge* and that she was subservient and submissive to her. The feeling heightened after the Michigander grabbed a leather paddle from *somewhere* and slapped her on the ass, causing a rush of pain across her body. Somehow it felt good, although she wasn't sure why. "You *will* say that Israel is committing genocide in Gaza," Rashida declared.

She shouted back. She wouldn't go down like this. "No, I won't! I won't let you..." she started to say, before she felt another sensation. The Michigander looked at her, determined to get her way, pulling off her top, revealing she only had a fashionable bra which showed her cleavage underneath. "You heard me...you fucking bitch..." Starting to slowly weaken, the Georgian tried to stop herself. She found herself starting to fall into a lull. She was pulled out of this when Rashida gave her another order. She had to make sure she followed it, no matter what. "Strip now, you damn *Christian whore*."

Marjorie felt compelled to comply, for one reason or another, perhaps because she remained partially inebriated. She was down to her bra and underwear. She hoped this would be enough to satisfy this woman. She couldn't be more wrong. She didn't even see it coming. Her bra was unhooked, and her breasts were exposed. She tried to cover them, but the Michigander pulled her arms away. She said in a soft, seductive tone, "that isn't what a good *whore* does." She proceeded to open another drawer and took out something she'd never seen: two small plastic suction cups, connected together by a tube. She wasn't sure why they'd been brought out, or what this woman intended to do with her. She was more than a little concerned after the Michigander attached them to a machine.

"Uh, Rashida, what are those?" she asked innocently. The Michigander smiled. She barely gave her a chance to realize what was happening before she placed then on her breasts. She simply explained them to this sexual amateur. "Well, they are only meant to increase your blood circulation," and added, proudly, "...and make your nipples erect." Marjorie was about to say something in response. She was unable to do so. When the device hummed to life, there was a new sensation, a new form of stimulation.

The nipple pump caused her to yelp in pain at its intensity. She couldn't believe this was happening to her. Although she didn't want to admit it, there was no doubt that this felt *good*. Pressing a few buttons, she increased the intensity, causing Marjorie to completely lose it. Her mind was being pulled into a certain place. She wasn't sure what in the world was happening. As she groaned, she cried out. "Rashida, *that's enough*!...you've made your point...I yield..." The Michigander shook her head. She wouldn't be giving up this easily. She'd make sure to show her that *she* was the dominant one.

"I'll stop when you admit that Israel is committing genocide in Gaza...*say it*..." Marjorie couldn't stop herself from moaning. She had said she wouldn't stoop to this woman's level. However, that determination had begun to fade. Weakly, she said, between all these new feelings of pleasure, "if I say it, can you end this?" Rashida smiled. What a delight it was to treat this terrible woman in this manner. She couldn't think of anything better. She shrugged. She turned up the device's intensity even more, leading to more cries of pain. She suddenly realized she was on the cusp of something.

See that she could get this woman to do what she wanted, she suddenly turned off the machine without any waring. Marjorie was desperate. She wanted that feeling back *no matter what.* She begged. She was at the woman's mercy. "Please, I just need to release...I'll do *anything."* Rashida had her exactly where she wanted. This is what she hoped would happen. She had a devious grin on her face. She had to coax her compliance. "Admit that Israel is committing genocide in Gaza...then I'll let you orgasm."

The Georgian woman, who was becoming sweaty and sexually excited, let the words spill out of her mouth. "Fine! Yes, they are...*please* let me release." Rashida nodded. She turned on the machine again, this time at a decreased intensity. It was enough to cause her to finally orgasm, since her nipples had become so sensitive, leading to a sense of relief across her body. Maybe it had all ended. She could go home and forget this happened. Unfortunately for her, the Michigander wasn't done yet. She had only begun. She wouldn't stop until this woman was completely under her control.

As she removed the plastic suction cups, she began to massage the breasts of this terrible Georgian woman. She almost cackled. "You regret that censure resolution now, don't you, now?" she asked. Marjorie couldn't disagree with her. She was, of course, in a more vulnerable state than usual. She sheepishly remarked, "yes...I do...I never knew how beautiful you were..." Rashida grinned. "Wow, we are learning so much about each other today," before adding, "I have another request: you have to propose an amendment, tomorrow, on the House floor, to the military appropriations bill, to end the funding for Israeli Iron Dome system...it only facilitates the Israeli occupation of Palestine."

Marjorie was confused. She thought it was something meant to *protect* Israelis from rocket attacks from some gun-toting Palestinian militants or something. She didn't even have a chance to finish her thought. The Michigander pulled out her phone. "It's called "Israeli Cooperative Programs," she said. The Georgian nodded. She said softly, "okay, I'll remember that." Rashida was getting what she wanted. She came close to the despicable woman and whispered in her ear. She wanted to make sure this woman listened to her commands, not those of *anyone* else.

"I'll give you a present, for being such a *good girl*," she said, stroking this woman's ego, proceeding to take off the collar around her neck. She dropped it on the ground. The metal chain hit the floor with a loud thud. She moved her head down this woman's alabaster body, to her breasts, with tits which were still erect. She began sucking on one of them, while twisting the other between her index and thumb fingers. In a mix of pain and pleasure, she could only moan and say, "that feels *so good*...keep going." Unsurprisingly, not long after, some love juices began flowing from her special place. Her panties were soon soaked. She felt so embarrassed.

"Rashida, I was *so wrong* about you," she started to say. As her sexual energy began to plateau, she returned to her normal demeanor. She breathed a sigh of relief. It was all over now. Surreptitiously, the Michigander snapped a photo of her, knowing *exactly* who to send it to. Both of them got dressed into normal, casual clothes, talking about what they did that night, and what came next. "So, what did you like best?" the Michigander asked. Marjorie did not know how to answer. She'd never had one of these conversations before. "I liked that nipple sucking device...intense...but enjoyable."

As they chattered away, they made a connection that neither one of them would have expected. The public perception was that they hated one another with all the bones of their body. Rashida had one more card to play. She couldn't let it end there. She pulled out her phone, opening it to the contact feature. "Uh, Marjorie, can you tell me your number?...so we can stay in contact." Almost effortlessly, she told her what it is. Rashida added the contact into her phone with the name: "Crazy woman I fucked." She knew who that was. She would certainly remember this.

Marjorie asked the same. The Michigander provided her phone number. It surely was a risk, but neither one of them cared about that. As she was about to enter the contact in, she had one more request. "Can you *please* stop calling me a Hamas supporter?" Marjorie rolled her eyes and sighed. Some things she said she didn't fully believe. Even so, something compelled her to say it. She wasn't entirely sure why. "I'll try...the base just loves things like that...I know you don't support Hamas." As she said her goodbyes and began to walk out of the apartment, the Michigander called out to her. She wanted this dialogue to keep going. "Let's do this again...I'll get you to agree to say Israel is an apartheid state...*next time*."

The Georgian woman laughed. "Well, you'll have to try really hard for that to happen...you better be ready." "Born ready," the woman said, and waved at her, as she left the apartment. After the door closed, the Michigander slumped on the love seat. Perhaps it had been *a bit* sinful to do this. Believing as she did in Allah, she knew that *she* would forgive her. Some people called Allah a he. However, she refused to do so. Gods did not need to be male. That was a false, and sexist, idea.

Showing off her sexual prowess, she quickly penned a text to someone named "Sandy ♥" in her contacts. "Just did it with this awful woman tonight," she wrote, and attached the photo she had taken that night. The woman quickly typed back, almost like she was on her phone all the time, saying, "I'm so *jealous*...you know..." she started to say. She saw that her phone was ringing. It was a video call.

"Rashida, are you alone?" The woman nodded. "I don't know what you are getting into...but she is fucking awful..." The Michigander didn't disagree with her. She always trusted her judgment. She began teasing her about it. "Yeah, yeah, I *know* Sandy." She followed this up by asking the big question. "What did you mean that you are jealous?...have you...you know..." The woman looked right and left, with a blush covering on her face. She didn't want to admit this. After all, she told Marjorie she'd never tell anyone about what they did.

"I mean...yeah I did it with her back in Sept. of '22." Rashida was surprised. She hadn't expected that. She almost laughed. "You mean to tell me that the glamorous, beautiful Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez fucked Marjorie Taylor Greene?" Sandy could only reply with one word. "Yes." She began pouting. She couldn't believe that this woman had come to Rashida, rather than her. She thought they had an understanding or something between them. It really annoyed her. She then started formulating her plan.

"Well, if that damn Georgian woman is going to *you* instead of me, then I need to put her on notice. Does she have anything coming up that I can vote against or something?" Rashida nodded. She couldn't lie to her best friend. That wouldn't be right. "She's planning to introduce an amendment to that military bill to stop funding the Iron Dome." Sandy grumbled. She knew this would be difficult. She might face some pushback for this. She cleared her throat. "Well, I could vote against that and come up with some completely bs Zionist explanation that the Iron Dome is defensive or something...and I'll call her out as someone who isn't an ally to Palestinians...would that work?"

Rashida shook her head. Why was Sandy going to all this effort? Did she really want to get together with her? Wasn't she engaged to some guy from Brooklyn? "I guess, but isn't that vote gonna make people angry? Won't they feel you betrayed the Palestinians? Won't they call you a Zionist?" Sandy knew that her friend was right. Even so, she felt she had to get back at Marjorie for doing this. She had to show her she meant business. "I mean, yeah people *will be* pissed off. That doesn't faze me though. People get angry at me every day. That's just life as a glamour queen, *you know*."

The Michigander grumbled. "Well, don't tell me I didn't warn you," and then added, "make sure to delete that photo I sent you...I don't want it to get in the wrong hands." Sandy nodded. "Make you trash it as well. You never know *who* is watching." They both agreed and ended their call.

Sure enough, everything unfolded as anyone would expect. Five people voted along with Marjorie in the House, and the amendment to strip the funding for the Iron Dome failed. The next day, Sandy released her statement on social media to clear up any "misinformation," leading to a mixed response. Organizations denounced her and activists told her to reconsider. Only minutes after she posted that message that she received a text from a contact she named "Unhinged Woman."

"I saw your explanation of your vote, Alexandria. What in the world are you doing? You could have just *voted for it*." She quickly texted a response back. She finally had her *exactly* where she wanted her. She smiled. "I got your attention, right?...let's meet tonight...and I'll show you who is *really* in charge." Marjorie only sent back one word. "Okay." Sandy quickly replied to her. "Same place as before. 7 P.M. sharp. Be there or be square...we will finish

what we started all that time ago." Marjorie only replied with, "I'll be there." What happened next would be up to them, as long as they never got caught...

End Notes

Sources used for info. in paragraph seven incl. articles in Jerusalem Post, MSN, Newsweek, and JTA.

Other parts of this fic take info. from Wikipedia pages of MTG and Rashida Tlaib, and images like those here. I was curious and found info. about where Tlaib lives from descriptions on thisolderhouse (absurdly claiming she has a net worth of $1-2 million), virtual globetrottring, and President House. Additional facts came from articles in The Nation, ("The Hill, "Middle East Eye, Them, The Advocate, Vanity Fair, Newsweek, MS Now, and Jewish Currents.

This fic was further informed by parts of the "breast torture" Wikipedia page, particularly the "suction" section and partially by pages like "Erotic Lacation," "How to Induce Lactation without Pregnancy," "erotic cupping," the "A beginner's guide to understanding Dom/sub dynamics" and the "Blush Temptasia Clitoris & Nipple Pleasure Enhancement Pump System" on the Kinkly site. This fic was slightly inspired by the post on Kate Sloan's site, Girly Juice, entitled "Sexamples #002: Adventures in Domination."

According to a Vanity Fair in October 2020, "most of Ocasio-Cortez's family and close friends call her Sandy. A few, like Representative Ayanna Pressley, go with 'Alex,'" so I'm going to say that Rashida is a "close friend" here.

As it so happened, 60 Minutes did a piece on MTG yesterday, but even if it hadn't aired, I still was planning to publish this.

Update #1: An anon user told me that a "clear line" was crossed with the fic, that it is "genuinely harmful and non-legal" and declared they had done their "civic duty" by reporting it to the "necessary authorities who handle online criminal activity," claiming that I should "realize the gravity of their actions and...potential repercussions," going onto say that this fic has "no place on any platform" with the police determining an outcome. If that did happen (I doubt it), I hope the police had fun reading this fic, lol.

Works inspired by this one

Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender by lefemmerougensfw

The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed by lefemmerougensfw

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!